

*Prin.* Well, heere is my legge.

*Fal.* And heere is my speech: stand aside, Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Fal.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene;  
For teares do stop the foud-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as  
euer I see.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

*Harry.* I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,  
but also, how thou art accompaigned: For though the Cammo-  
mile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the  
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue  
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinon; but chiefly, a vil-  
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether  
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth  
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall  
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of England proue  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
*Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-  
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-  
ters doe report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest;  
for *Harry*, now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;  
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes  
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted  
in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, and is like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly manyfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,  
his age some fifty, or burlady, inclining to threescore, and now I  
remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewd-  
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his lookes; if  
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,  
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaff*,  
him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou naughty  
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.*

*Prince.* Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me,  
and Ile play my father.

*Fal.* Dispose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically  
both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rab-  
bet-sucker, or a powlters hare.

*Prince.* Well, heere I am set.

*Fal.* And heere I stand, iudge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now *Harry*, whence come you?

*Fal.* My Noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

*Prince.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle yee for a  
young Prince yfaith.

*Prince.* Swearst thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne' relook  
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a Di-  
uell haunts in the likeness of a fat old man, a tunne of wan is  
thy companion; why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of  
humors, that bouling-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell  
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stufft Cloake-bag  
of gutts, that roasted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his  
belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruf-  
fian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack  
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon  
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but  
in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-  
thy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom  
meanes your Grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Fal-  
staff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pit-  
tie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (saying your  
reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vriterly deny: if Sacke and  
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be  
a sinne, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd; if to bee  
fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued.  
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poinet*, but